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CURE FOR CANTING;

OR;
THE GRAND IMPOSTORS

OF
ST. STEPHEN'S AND OF SURREY CHAPELS
UNMASKED:

IN A LETTER TO
SIR RICHARD HILL, BART.

WITH
A FEW MODEST HINTS
To the Right Honourable WILLIAM PITT.

*By the Rev. W. WOOLLEY, A. M. Chaplain
of the Marshalsea.*

"Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world, though the cant of criticism may give the greatest pain, the cant of delusion and hypocrisy is certainly the most detestable."

"VIRTUE (*for mere* GOOD NATURE *is a* FOOL)
"Is SENSE and SPIRIT *with* HUMANITY:
"Tis sometimes ANGRY, and its FROWN CONFOUNDS:
"Tis even VINDICTIVE; but in VENGEANCE JUST.
"KNAVES FAIN would LAUGH at it; some GREAT ONES
dare;
"But at his HEART the most UNDAUNTED SON
"Of FORTUNE DREADS its NAME, and AWFUL
CHARMS."

L O N D O N:
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1794.

L E T T E R

TO

SIR RICHARD HILL, BART.

&c.

S I R,

AS your great condescension and liberality induced you to honour me with several letters in private, I hope you will pardon the warm impulses of gratitude, which prompt me to acknowledge them in public, and to dwell upon a few of their numberless beauties. I also trust, that your well-known modesty will not be too much offended at my pointing out your happy choice of expression, the smooth cadence of your periods, the richness of your imagery, the irresistible force of your reasoning, and, above all, the purity and dignity of your sentiments. I am sorry, that the confined nature of my present subject will not permit me to intro-

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duce, at the same time, some specimens of your eloquence in the House of Commons, where you have so often relaxed the muscles even of your adversaries, which was much more than refuting their arguments; and where your wonder-working wit, by reconciling the most opposite things in nature, and by blending, with equal piety and humour, the parables of the New Testament with Joe Millar's Jests, has repeatedly excited bursts of laughter, a thousand times more flattering than the dumb silence of conviction, or the noisy testimonies of applause. O! that my genius could rise to a level with my subject; and that the bold touches of my pencil could trace some likeness of so great an original! I should cheerfully submit to the fate of Zeuxis, who is said to have died with laughing at his portrait of an old woman. My pride would swell with the idea, that my name must then descend with that of Sir RICHARD HILL to posterity; and that, by means of such an association, it would retain a distinguished place in the register of fame,

“ As long as streams in silver mazes rove,

“ And spring with annual green renews the grove.”

The hope of so glorious a reward animates my exertions, and enlarges my views. While I am tracing the outlines of *your* character, Sir Richard, I cannot repress an earnest wish to do the like justice to your *illustrious brother*; that truly reverend divine, with whose praises every private mad-house within twenty miles of London is known to ring: the proprietors hail him as their benefactor: the patients exemplify the blessed effects of his doctrine! ROWLAND HILL is in one respect at least unparalleled: he is the only preacher that ancient or modern times have ever yet produced, who could raise his hearers above all those weak fears and childish horrors which nature, reason, and religious prejudices have annexed to acts of suicide. His proselytes have given several proofs that they could smile at the razor's edge or at the halter's noose that was to launch their souls into eternity; and the glowings of love have been so burning hot in some of them, on their return from his evening lectures, that they could find no relief but in the cool bottom of the Thames! Black Friars' Bridge is now become as famous as the *Lover's leap* of old; and many a modern *Sappho*, after chanting

one of Rowland's celestial hymns, have plunged with intrepidity into the over-whelming tide.

With what rapture shall I describe the progress of this minister of comfort! How delightful it must be to follow him from the beginning of his career, when he first sallied forth from the brothels of Oxford, and the haunts of dissipation, to reform and enlighten mankind!—to convince the world, that *where sin had notoriously abounded, there grace did much more abound!* The little aids of learning and study he always despised. Let those, said he, consult the primitive fathers, or pore their eyes out over the volumes of a Lowth, an Atterbury, a Sherlock, or a Tillotson, who cannot trust to their own strength of lungs, violence of gesture, and an unceasing burly-burly of sounds for an hour or two upon any emergency. His hymns, where he appears to soar on seraphic wing, shew his just contempt of all the pagan ornaments of taste, fancy, genius, judgment, rhyme, metre, and common sense. It is true that Moses, Isaiah, and David did not wholly despise these graces in their most admired productions. But what were they, compared to Rowland Hill? They had only a faint glimmering of that light, the full blaze of

which illuminates *his* mind. *Their* poetic effusions stood in need of artificial embellishments: *Rowland's* muse, like beauty itself,

“Wants not the foreign aid of ornament;

“But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.”

The great Rowland is not less worthy of our admiration and our praise, for scorning the old and beaten paths to heaven, and directing us how to get there by a short-cut of his own discovery. Though he found he could not vie with Whitfield or Wesley in the invention of new systems, and in the art of rendering extravagance and absurdity plausible; he took another method, and cunningly blending the prayers of the established church with the rant of inspiration, he grafted the fruitful cions of methodism on the old stock of barren orthodoxy. I will not pretend to say, that he took the hint of this scheme from the usual conduct of Popish missionaries, when they went to preach the gospel to Pagan nations: they never attempted to destroy the old temples and altars, but retained as many of the ancient forms as they could, to reconcile the people more readily to the new doctrines. In the same manner, the keen, the politic, the sa-

gacious Rowland, when he perceived that all the sober people of this country were disgusted with the nonsense and frenzy of fanatics, adopted in his chapel the pure liturgy of Protestants; and after people were thus tempted to pray, they could not in decency avoid waiting to hear the sermon that followed.

How shall I now describe the sacred orator in his pulpit? Shall I invoke Raphael's departed spirit to assist me in painting what may rival the celebrated cartoon of St. Paul preaching at Athens? Or rather shall I strive to steal the fine touches of a much juster resemblance from Virgil's beautiful picture of the insane Priestess, when, full of the God, she ranted and raved, to give vent to the inflations of the divinity within her?

———"inflata est numine quando

"Bachatur vates, magnum si pectore possit

"Excussisse Deum."

My fancy presents him, at this instant to my view, such as I have often seen him in all the wildness of devotional transport;—the big, round drops of sweat coursing one another down his hallowed front; and, in the heat of action,

streams of blood sometimes gushing from his expanded nostrils* ;—his eyes starting ;—his face on fire ;—his mouth covered with holy foam ;—his reverend locks dishevelled ;—his breast heaving like the billows in a tempest ;—his left arm unfurling the banner of damnation against unbelievers, whilst his right seemed to brandish the bolt of divine wrath at their perverseness and incredulity. It would be a weak, as well as a profane simile, to compare his voice upon those occasions to that of the *brazen-lung'd* Stentor, whose throat is said to have surpassed the force of a hundred tongues ; or even to the shout of Mars, when he animates contending armies to the most dreadful havoc. No ! we can liken it to nothing less than the blasts of the last trumpet, when the dead are to be summoned from their graves. Thus it is, that he keeps awake the attention of his auditory ; and if ever he perceives any eye-lids weighed down by carnal heaviness, in spite of his usual efforts, he then sends forth his loudest roar :

“ The sleepers start, and trembling gaze around ;

“ And earth and heav’n rebellow to his found !”

* This is no exaggeration, or hyperbole, but an absolute fact, witnessed at different times by thousands of spectators ; and the gushing of the blood has often been so violent, as to force the reverend maniac to quit his pulpit.

But, Sir Richard, I must not continue this ironical strain. I have charges to bring against you and your brother, too serious to be treated with an air of pleasantry. It is enough to expose some culprits to derision; but others may deserve to be hung up in the gibbets of infamy. You have both attempted to do me the greatest wrong: you partly succeeded: I seek justice: in pursuance of it, I shall follow you, Sir Richard, to the retreats of corruption, and your brother to the lurking-holes of hypocrisy: I shall drag you forth into the open face of day: I shall bare you to the sun: I shall shew you in all your naked deformity. You cannot make any appeal from the tribunal, before which I mean to bring you: it is the tribunal of the English nation. I do not trust to the arts of insinuation, or of mere argument, to enforce my charges against you: they will all be proved by the testimony of your own hand-writing;—by the writing of that hand, which, unluckily for you, betrayed the secrets of a rotten heart, and of a still more despicable understanding. With such evidence in my support, I boldly call you to the bar; and after I have related my unvarnished narrative of facts, I shall leave your country to sit in judgment on you.

Before I enter upon the several articles of your impeachment, Sir Richard, it may be proper to take notice of some insinuations, which you and your brother have sneakingly endeavoured to spread abroad to my disadvantage. Both of you were convinced, that you had no means of defending yourselves, but by some insidious attack on my credit: this was your *forlorn hope*: this was the last and the most artful of your jesuitical manœuvres. But here also I am prepared to meet you. I will even acknowledge, that the character of an accuser ought to be much more blameless and respectable than that of the parties accused; and that he should take a careful review of his own conduct, before he presumes to censure that of another. *Qui alterum incusat probri, says Cicero, cum ipsum se intueri oportet.* As I have heard you confess you never could learn Latin, and as I know your brother conceals his ignorance of it under a pretended contempt for *beathen* languages, I shall save you both the trouble of applying to any friend for a translation of that judicious remark of the Roman orator, by giving you this paraphrase of it: *He, who CHARGES a MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT with BASE-NESS and DISHONOUR; and a HIGH METHO-*

DISTICAL PRIEST *with* FALSHOOD *and* INJUSTICE, ought to consider well, whether any of these imputations can be RETORTED ON HIMSELF. Were I as fond of *sporting* with the Scriptures, as you and your brother are, Sir Richard, I might add, in words of the highest authority, that a man should *first cast the beam out of his own eye, before he can see clearly how to pull the mote out of any other person's eye.* Thus it becomes necessary to prefix a vindication of myself to the bill of indictment against you; and to wipe away every slanderous aspersion from my own character, before I begin to expose the foul stains, the ingrained turpitude of your's.

In this first part, however, which is to contain my own defence, I have little more to do than repeat what your dark machinations, Sir Richard, extorted from me some time since. Poisoned arrows were shot at me in every direction; but as you then professed to be my friend, I little imagined that you set on the assassins. Still less did I suspect, that your brother, the *apostle of grace, but not of good works*, could be so void of Christian charity, and, indeed, of common honesty, as to run about from street to street, and

house to house, to blast all my hopes by subornation and falshood. When I felt that my character was wounded, I knew not by whom, and that the most wicked attempts were made to rob me of the very means of subsistence, I took up my pen, and wrote at once for my reputation and my life. The substance of that appeal to the public I shall insert here. Truth is neither afraid, nor ashamed of repetition. Let the liar tremble, particularly when, like you, Sir Richard, he happens to be cursed with a bad memory.

When I was first driven to the necessity of appearing in print, I could not help feeling and confessing the reluctance with which any man of the least modesty or good sense must enter upon the refutation of personal invectives. He knows how hard it is to say much of himself without vanity, or, at least, without offending the delicacy of others. Every remark in his own favor, though extorted by unjust charges, may be imputed to arrogance; and the honest sallies of his indignant warmth may be easily miscalled the language of foreness. Besides, however forcible and convincing his defence may be;—with whatever ability he may repel the blunted shafts which

malignity and cowardice have aimed at his character in the dark; he foresees the danger of spreading a blaze round it which may attract the public eye, or provoke the rigour of a scrupulous, and perhaps prejudiced enquiry. Few of us are so exempt from infirmity and mistake, as not to lie open to some censure; and "when, to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon, that an innocent and an helpless creature shall be sacrificed, it is an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket where it has strayed, to make a fire to offer it up with."

Another consideration also occurred to me. Slanderers, thought I, always fight on dirty ground, and with dirty weapons: it is not, therefore easy, when once engaged, to get clear of such a contest, without being bespattered with some of the filth. Hence many persons of real worth have chosen to bear with unmerited reproach, rather than involve themselves in disputes of so precarious an issue. Even where the purest virtue may have nothing to fear, a laudable pride may prevent it from giving, by its notice, any degree of consequence to such despicable enemies. The little insects, which a

summer's heat may have engendered, must perish of themselves in the frosts of an ensuing winter. Exalted merit is far beyond the efforts of groveling scurrility: great minds are never checked in the career of glory by the little obstructions of envy and malice, but advance above them with silent contempt, as the generous courser passes by, unheeded, the barkings of a sorry cur, which can never annoy, nay scarce be heard beyond the precincts of his native dunghill.

But I reflected, at the same time, that, though eminent goodness may, by its height, be secured from the effusions of base calumny; yet the situation of those, who moved in humbler spheres, was widely different. The mediocrity of their rank leaves them within the reach of vulgar aspersion. Their successful progress through life often depends as much upon the opinion of others, as upon their own deserts: they must answer the challenge of every ruffian; or their courage will be questioned: they must repel every attack upon their credit; or their establishment and fortune are ruined for ever. A tame suffering of abuse might appear to arise from an incapacity of reply; and the undiscerning multitude would not fail to

consider the silence of the accused as a strong proof, or acknowledgment of guilt.

Under such circumstances, the case of an unbeneficed and dependent clergyman is peculiarly hard. A sort of ideal perfection, unattainable by man, is rigorously expected from him. His character, like Cæsar's wife, must not even be suspected. If his reputation is once blasted by the breath of infamy, no innocence of heart, no consciousness of integrity can repair the evil. Yet, should he come forward with a bold vindication of his conduct, and endeavour to confound his false accusers, he is then reproached with a want of becoming humility and patience. If, on the other hand, he makes no defence; the scandal gains ground: it is greedily swallowed by the vicious of every description: others dare not attempt to oppose it, for fear of having their own faith and virtue glanced at: even the most candid regard the poor culprit with barren pity, and charitably leave him to the consolations of a future life, while he languishes in this under the double pressure of want and disgrace. Thus he becomes alike the victim of his Christian meekness, or his manly spirit.

This, Sir Richard, was the exact picture of my situation at that time, and this the apology I then made for obtruding any of my private concerns on the public notice. My little pamphlet, which was addressed to your brother, having been written with the utmost simplicity of truth, and with all the natural gaiety of innocence, produced the effect I aimed at: it cleared up my character to the world: it contained a laughable exposition of the absurdities laid to my charge: yet it could not wound the feelings of any man, except his own conscience gave a pungency to my remarks, and converted the playful weapons of ridicule into poisoned daggers. Some people are so extremely sore, that they cannot bear to be touched even with a feather. This was the case, Sir Richard, with your brother; with his privy counsellor, the *gauze-man*; and with a few more of the *rotten props* of Surrey Chapel. They made all London ring, from Bethnal Green to St. George's Fields, with the loudest and the most malicious invectives against me. The rage of detected hypocrites can only be compared to that of the infernal furies!

Your conduct, Sir Richard, upon that occasion, was for some time much more artful. You

took the compliment I paid you in my pamphlet, though you knew too well you had not deserved it; and you seemed to join in the laugh, while you were secretly stung to the quick, to find it turned against your dearest friends. You had policy enough at first to conceal the irritations of your soul, and to profit by the hint I gave in the words of Shakespeare :

—" They that are most galled with my speech,
" They most must laugh."—

But you were not long able to subject yourself to this restraint. You concerted with your brother various plans of revenge. As you found it was impossible by any new modes of canting, or of sophistry to weaken the force of the assertions contained in my little pamphlet, you thought the only resource you had was to make me suppress it. You tried the alternate effects of promises and of threats: you strove to soothe me by the one, and to intimidate me by the other: when you found that nothing could induce me to retract, you threw off your mask in a fit of despair, and came forward my avowed enemy. I am ready to face you, Sir Richard; and though you may think yourself secure behind the triple shield of wealth, power, and methodism, I have no

doubt of soon convincing you, that the sword of truth, like the irresistible spear of Ithuriel, will force its way to your guilty heart.

Let me now explain the circumstances which first led to our acquaintance : the principal facts are stated in my former pamphlet : I must here enter into minuter details. The reports circulated to my prejudice by your brother, and the rest of the *canting fraternity*, compel me to give a short account of my conduct for a few years back ; but there is no occasion to write an entire history of my life. The early part of it, indeed, would afford nothing very interesting, or very marvellous. I have been told, that I came into the world quite in the natural way ; and my mother never once amused me in my childhood with the relation of any dreams, omens, or prognostics of my future greatness. She had all the tenderness, but none of the usual credulity of parents. This it was, no doubt, which prevented her from getting my nativity cast by a conjuror in our neighbourhood, who having been for many years a *methodist preacher*, must have acquired a deeper knowledge of the *Black Art* than the mere students of *profane astrology*. Her want of faith

in the *sacred seer* deprived me at least of some extraordinary biographical anecdote. I shall not, therefore, trouble either you, Sir Richard, or any other reader, with the trifling memoirs of my boyish or my youthful days. I shall take a large jump from my cradle to that stage of manhood which determined my choice of a course of life, and which, among the first steps of my promotion, raised me to the *honour* of your brother's notice.

When I offered myself to the Archbishop of York, as a candidate for holy orders, I did not go to him with recommendatory letters from any noble patrons to supply the want of learning and virtue. I had not even at that time taken out my degree at College, which, like your brother's credentials, might have deceived a Prelate into a belief of my being orthodox. I took with me nothing more than a plain testimonial from three respectable clergymen; a Greek Testament in one pocket, and Grotius on the Truth of the Christian Religion in the other; two books, of which I know your brother to be completely ignorant. I shall not describe the particulars of my examination, or of my success. It is enough

to say that Dr. Markham was never yet known to ordain a *dunce*, a *fanatic*, or a man of *bad character*.

Some time after, I came to London; and though I had no great man to take me by the hand, nor any extensive connections to depend upon, yet as my views and my expences were equally moderate, I had little fear of being able to support myself by occasional duty. In this, however, I was for some time disappointed. The regular clergy are not always very scrupulous in the choice of those whom they employ as substitutes, provided the work is done cheap. This turns the scale in favour of such as offer their services at a lower rate than a common mechanic may reasonably ask for his day's labour. The business of preaching and praying for hire, in this great metropolis, is almost wholly engrossed by intruders into the church;—by men, without the least claim to moral, or literary merit; who, to use their own phrase, *get themselves docked*, that is to say, have their hair cut round, put on a sable garment, and have art enough to obtain a gown by surreptitious methods. Should any individual, or any particular set of men feel

themselves hurt by this remark, if they are as wise, as you once were, Sir Richard, they will conceal the smart, and not betray the pertinency of the application by their petulance. This would be *stultè nudare animi conscientiam*.

I had not been long in town before your brother wanted a clergyman of the established church to read prayers in Surrey Chapel. Tho' the pecuniary offer made me was not very tempting, I was given to understand that other advantages would arise from such an introduction. Stranger as I was to the arts of *methodism*, I thought your brother, with all his oddities, to be a good sort of man at bottom; and I had not the least idea of the secret springs by which he kept his machine in motion. I never once suspected, that his introducing me to you, and thereby raising my hopes of something great from your interest, was merely to reconcile me to the paltry sum of *one guinea per quarter*, for reading prayers twice a week in his chapel. I thought, in the simplicity of my heart, that his shew of kindness for me, and his employing me to read the established liturgy, were strong proofs of his liberal respect for the church to which he once

belonged. Who could suppose that it was a Jesuitical trick to *take in* persons of every persuasion; and that, as pews in St. George's church were very hard to be come at from the encreasing populousness of the parish, he had adopted this plan with the hope that a great many old and infirm people, who could not stand, would be tempted to subscribe their half-crown a quarter for a seat in Surrey Chapel, provided the service was the same as what they had been used to! Some part of the merit of this scheme is, I am told, due to Mr. Webber, the *gauze-man*, who having subscribed some money towards building the chapel, was deeply interested in turning it to the best account. It is no wonder that this *barberdasher of small wares* should drive his Phaeton with great velocity: the wheels receive a peculiar smoothness from the *oil of grace*; and his horses canter with the *gee-bo* of *fanatical contributions*. If Rowland makes religion his trade, Webber has certainly made a good trade of his religion.

But to return to my narrative.—I had not been long reading prayers upon Rowland's liberal establishment, before the Chaplainship of the Marshalsea became vacant. I made a respectful

offer of my services, which was accepted. The perquisites were very trifling; but I hoped I might be able to procure a fixed salary from Government. I was encouraged in this hope by your promise, Sir Richard, to second my application to the Lords of the Treasury; and I will farther do you the justice to say, that you spoke in my favour to Mr. ROSE. I really am still inclined to believe you meant to carry that point for me. You and your brother very well knew, that by getting me a settled stipend for my clerical visits at the Marshalsea, you secured the continuance of my duty in Surrey Chapel on your own terms: you intended to make me fast to your labouring oar by the double chains of interest and gratitude: but Heaven kindly preserved me from being under any obligation to such designing men.

When I waited upon Mr. ROSE by your desire, he told me it was the intention of Government to make some amends to the Chaplain of the Marshalsea for the diminution of the fees occasioned by Lord Beauchamp's bill; but that it was first necessary I should have a proper title. For this purpose, he gave me a letter to the late

Sir Sidney Meadows, who was then Knight Marshal, requesting him to sign my presentation in due form. Sir Sidney, however, from some difference of political sentiments with Mr. Rose at that juncture, treated the letter with great contempt. He even intimated, that nothing but the politeness due to an innocent stranger, and his respect for my clerical habit, prevented him from rudely turning out of his house the bearer of what he called "*a Treasury mandate.*"

Sir Sidney's antipathy even to the *fancied smell* of ministerial influence overturned at once all my airy castles. Mr. Rose made another effort in my favor. I got Mr. Evans, the keeper of the prison, to sign a testimonial of the punctuality of my attendance there, and of his desire to have me continued. Mr. Rose sent this certificate with a letter to the Bishop of Winchester, (in whose diocese the prison is) stating that I was to have a proper salary from Government for doing duty at the Marshalsea, and requesting his Lordship, upon that title, to grant me priest's orders. I was then only a deacon. This letter to the Bishop did me just as little service as the former one to the Knight Marshal. It was not treated,

however, with quite so much disrespect. His Lordship wrote the following answer ;

“ Farnham, May the 18th, 1788.

“ Sir,

“ I am much pleased to hear, that Mr. Pitt
“ proposes to augment the Chaplainship of the
“ Marshalsea prison. The object is a very
“ proper one.—But I am obliged to say, that,
“ on two accounts, I am unable to ordain Mr.
“ Woolley to this office, as a title for orders.
“ A candidate for orders must bring with him a
“ title, in which the clergyman who nominates
“ engages to continue him in his curacy until
“ otherwise provided for ; or until, on account of
“ misbehaviour, he is removed by lawful authority
“ of the Bishop. Now I know not whether this
“ sort of security in favour of the Chaplain, on
“ the one hand, or in favour of Episcopal au-
“ thority, on the other, belongs to this Mar-
“ shalsea appointment, which is an office un-
“ known to me as Bishop of the Diocese, and
“ and hath never been considered as a proper
“ title for orders.

“ But another material objection occurs : it
“ does not appear who is entitled to nominate.
“ Mr. Evans, the keeper, hath signed an instru-
“ ment ; but he is himself a subordinate officer,
“ and the appointment cannot be in him. Sir
“ Sidney Meadows informs me, that he hath the
“ appointment, as Knight Marshal.

“ Under these circumstances it would be irre-
“ gular and improper, on my part, to ordain
“ Mr. Woolley to this office as a Title. As
“ Mr. Pitt hath honoured me with the commu-
“ nication, you will do me the favour to thank
“ him for me ; and let him know, that I am
“ sorry these difficulties are in the way.—I am,
“ with great truth,

“ Sir,

“ Your very faithful, humble Servant,

“ B. Winchester.”

“ To George Rose, Esq.”

Thus, Sir Richard, it is evident, that, notwithstanding all your mendacious, as well as ridiculous boasts of having got me the appointment at the Marshalsea, every application that was made through *your* interest, served only to

encrease the obstacles in my way, and to prejudice both the Bishop and the Knight Marshal against me. How I have been since enabled, by the exertions of a *real* and a *disinterested* friend, to remove those prejudices, and to accomplish my point, will be explained in its proper place. As I did not, however, at that time suspect the sordid motives by which you were secretly actuated, I thanked you very sincerely for your endeavours, though their sole effect was to keep me above a year and a half in a state of the most anxious and distressing expectation.

While I thus attended the Marshalsea with flattering hopes in my eye, but not a guinea in my purse, I now and then got a *job*, as it is vulgarly called, from some considerate clergyman, who, pitying my distress, thought it inconsistent with his oaths and office to save a few shillings by the exclusion of a regular claimant. But such assistance afforded only a momentary relief. I had nothing even in appearance permanent but the large quarterly compensation before mentioned, which Rowland and the *gauzeman* intended to make me for reading prayers in their chapel. These *rich fruits* of *methodistical liberality*, with

the thinly scattered *windfalls* of some casual Sundays, constituted the whole of my worldly acquisitions. With these I was to keep up the shew of exterior decency; to maintain the dignity of the church; and to support a wife, who, tho' entitled to a competent fortune in reversion, could obtain no immediate supply upon such a contingency. The very people, who afterwards pretended to bewail my imaginary indiscretion in quitting so *good a birth*, could then look upon my real distress with the most callous insensibility. They were eye-witnesses of my diligence in every point of duty: they saw me labouring in the vineyard, and chearfully bearing the burthen and heat of the day: yet, in the evening, they refused me even a *poor penny* as the reward of my toil. Such was the very comfortable situation, which they said nobody but a madman would have given up. But, perhaps, I wrong them in ascribing their *close-fistedness* to such base motives as inhumanity and avarice. They might have been actuated by a truly Christian zeal for my eternal welfare! Fasting and prayer they looked upon as the surest way to salvation; and were therefore unwilling, by any *ill-timed liberality*, to stop, even for a single moment, my progress to so desirable an end.

I must here beg leave to confess, whatever might have been their religious views, that I never felt myself endued with the faculty of a camelion, *to feed upon air*; nor, after all that has been said and sung on the utility of mortifying the flesh, have I ever experienced, either in body or mind, the least benefit from long and rigorous fasting. It may be owing to the grossness of my ideas, that I cannot conceive, how the prospect of a fatiguing walk, instead of a good dinner, should give any peculiar grace, persuasiveness, and energy to a man's spiritual exhortations; or how the importunate cravings of a keen appetite should encrease the fervor of his devout exercises. I should be glad to be set right in these matters, if I err through ignorance.

It was sarcastically said of the Grecian orator's speeches, *that they sometimes smelled too much of the lamp*, to insinuate, that he had wasted the *midnight oil* in over-labouring them. I have often thought, that my own sermons, and those of many of my half-starved brethren, might be observed, by a nice critic, to savour strongly of habitual hunger. Our hollow sounds, and jejune

language would strike his ear as the infallible echos of an empty stomach; and instead of being edified by our discourses, he would pity, in the literal sense of the word, the *windy* efforts of the shrill-toned preacher. Let no arch wag make a perverse use of these simple remarks. Let him not suppose, when he hears a pulpit orator exert himself with commanding elocution, that he snuffs the smoking haunch, or rich sirloin; and that the faint utterance of another is the unnerving effect of apprehended famine. Such a mode of decision would often prove fallacious. I only acknowledge my own weakness in those respects, without any intention to establish it as a standard for judging of others. I therefore put in this caveat against the possibility of such misapplied ridicule.

I hope, Sir Richard, that you and all my readers will pardon this short suspension of my narrative, to give a little vent to the overflowings of my heart. I will now resume my story.

Wearied with frequent and unavailing attendance at the Treasury, to obtain the promised stipend; fainting under that sickness of heart

which arises from hope too long deferred; wounded by the cruel insensibility of my *religious friends*; and having no immediate prospect but that of misery ready to overwhelm me, and the dear partner of my woe, how could I longer preserve a tranquil mind? How could I passively resign myself to the distress that surrounded me, without extending my views to other quarters for relief?

It was just at this juncture [in the summer of the year 1788] that a generous Frenchman, whom I had accidentally become acquainted with, offered me his friendship, and safe escort to Paris. He had distinguished himself as a strenuous advocate for religious liberty in his own country, having had no small share in framing a very spirited and persuasive petition to the late King of France for tolerating Protestants. Had the ill-fated Lewis attended in due time to his just remonstrances, he would have found his Protestant subjects the most staunch and intrepid friends in the hour of danger! I at first hesitated on the acceptance of this Gentleman's kind offer. A false shame prevented me from explaining to him all my wants. As he was obliged to return to Paris immediately,

he left me his address, with a renewed invitation to the continent. He had not been gone many days, before I lamented my own backwardness, and determined to follow him.

The review of past difficulties happily surmounted, always excites chearful emotions in the mind. I am not, however, disposed at present to divert either myself, or you, Sir Richard, with any unseasonable pleasantry on the truly apostolic manner in which I was equipped, when I set off on my travels: I had "neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in my purse, nor scrip for my journey, neither two coats;" and but one pair of shoes, which, from the many apertures in the upper leather, before I reached Dover, exactly resembled the sandals of a mendicant friar.

The incidents of my journey from Calais to Paris were, indeed, extraordinary and interesting; and may, probably, be laid before the public at some future time: but they have no necessary connection with my present purpose. Let it suffice to say, that, though I landed in France penniless, and unacquainted with the language of the country, Divine Providence kindly re-

lieved my wants, and every where stirred up friends to comfort and assist me on my way. I hope never to forget one of the best of the French proverbs;

“ A brébis tondu Dieu mesure le vent.”

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.

I felt neither hunger, thirst, cold, nor fatigue, till I got to my journey's end; but the severest trial of all awaited me there: my much lamented friend and encourager had died of a violent fever, about a week before my arrival. No man will doubt the sincerity of my grief upon that occasion. I did not, however, sink into despair. I still put my trust in Heaven, and was not disappointed. I soon found other friends, who replaced, in some degree, the loss of my patron; and though they could not procure me any establishment sufficiently inviting to engage me to fix my residence at Paris, yet, while I thought proper to continue there, they entertained me hospitably. At my departure they amply supplied me both with cloaths and money; so that, after an absence for about three months, I found my wardrobe and purse muck

better furnished at my return to London than when I had left it.

Now, Sir Richard, if your sensibility is not as completely worn out as your brother's most unmercifully thumped cushion, I think I shall harrow up the little soul you may have still left, by the following part of my narrative. I am going to point out the contrast between the conduct of those generous foreigners, and that which was pursued by your brother, by the *gauzeman*, and by all the *sanctified* rabble of Surrey Chapel. The humanity of the former was not checked by any narrow prejudices against a friendless and unrecommended stranger; while the latter, to whom my moral and religious character had been fully proved by a long course of ecclesiastical functions, not only forced me, by the scantiness of their supplies, to go in quest of other assistance; but, as if irritated that I was not zealous enough to starve in their service, spread, upon my return, the most injurious reports, in order to poison the minds of others by their defamatory suggestions, and thus to shut me out from all possible employment! Yet these are men, who have the Bible on the tip of their tongues, but without any one of its divine

precepts engraven in their hearts. Had I even been guilty of a blameable act of imprudence: "had I been overtaken in a fault;" instead of founding the trumpet of infamy to my ruin, they should rather "strive to restore me in the spirit of meekness, considering themselves, lest they also be tempted."

As I was incapable of suspecting that even any monsters in human shape could proceed to such excesses of injustice and barbarity, I was much surprised, when I came back to London, at finding my company shunned by many of my former acquaintance; and at being refused admittance into families, where I had before enjoyed the easiest access. What mortified me still more was, that I could not immediately obtain a proper explanation of such strange behaviour. The deed was done in darkness: I felt the wound; but could neither perceive the weapon, nor the hand that struck the blow.

Has the failure of the main object of my journey to Paris, thought I, made so total a change in my person and manners, that every body disdains to associate with the disappointed

adventurer? Or, perhaps, said I with a smile, when the door was one day shut in my face by a pretendedly religious friend, they think the plague is in France*; and that, like a passenger from some contagious port of Turkey, I ought to have performed *quarantine* before I presumed to visit or approach any of the good people of London! My doubts upon this head were soon cleared up.

In consequence of having frequently preached in the afternoons at St. Matthew's, Bethnal Green, I offered myself a candidate for the vacant Lectureship. It was not till after my rejection at a place, where I had before enjoyed some popularity, that I discovered the scurrilous insinuations, which during my canvass had been industriously, though secretly whispered through that parish. My enemies were well convinced, that the whole success of their wicked designs depended upon that very secrecy. Your brother, Sir Richard, skulked about from cellar to cellar, and garret to garret, to stab my character: I

* I must remind the reader, that I am speaking of a time when there was no appearance of a revolution in that unfortunate country.

could not repel an invisible attack : I could not refute what I then knew nothing of : thus all his calumnies passed for gospel-truths : he and his imps represented my journey to Paris as an unequivocal proof of my apostacy : credulity believed it; and the idea thence currently prevailed, that I was become a rank Papist.

Webber, the *charioteering gauze-man*, and some others of the *grave-looking* fraternity, who were afraid of appearing too harsh, or rather, too flagrantly absurd in their assertions, hinted, that my trip to the continent must have been the effect of madness : then, shrugging up their shoulders, and inclining their heads, with great appearance of concern, said, “ they pitied indeed the poor young man for his insane excursion ; but, being satisfied of his weakness, they could not place any further confidence in him.” I must confess, I am ungrateful enough not to thank the *gauze-man*, or any of his runners, for their very kind and charitable constructions ; and perhaps, before I have done with them, they may be convinced, that neither the mask, nor the cloak of hypocrisy, will screen them from the full blaze of truth and reason.

With regard to your brother, Sir Richard, and the more violent part of his gang, who may have exulted in the momentary effects of their inventive falshood, I am not without hopes of making them wish, that, instead of spitting abroad their aspidish venom, they had, for once at least, swallowed the poison they carry under their tongues, which will, some time or other, be distilled into their own breasts, to rankle there, as the just punishment of their wickedness. As direct charges have a more sudden, though not less fatal tendency, than artful insinuations, I shall begin with them.

The heinous crime of which I have been not only accused, but condemned upon the *black act* of Surrey Chapel, *without benefit of clergy*, and, what was worse for me, without the benefit of being first heard in my own defence, is, *my having gone across the Channel, from the favourite seat of the Protestant religion, to that dread coast, where Popery, with daring front, had long displayed her gaudy banner!* What farther evidence can any one require of my wicked desertion of the faith of my native land, to embrace foreign errors? The Cliffs of Dover are obviously the great and only barrier which

Heaven has raised to guard Englishmen against the idolatry of their continental neighbours ! The air of France is so impregnated with superstition, that it is impossible to reside there for an instant, without inhaling it at every breath !

How wisely has Providence ordained, for the good of society at large, as well as for the peace and security of individuals, that weak heads are commonly found joined to wicked hearts ; and that barbarous miscreants, who would fain tear an innocent man to pieces, and pull as it were his house about his ears, are so smitten with blindness, that, like Lot's assailants, they weary themselves in vain to find the door ! Thus the poor wretches, who had singled me out as the object of their virulence, knew indeed that nothing could so effectually injure me, as to excite suspicions of my apostacy, yet wanted ability to give any better colouring to the accusation, than the ridiculous account of my passage from Dover to Calais.

But perhaps these *gentlemen* (excuse me, Sir Richard, for misapplying the term) were shrewder than one might at first sight suspect them to be.

Some of them may have by accident dipped into the History of England: they may have there read that, in the ancient confusion of civil and ecclesiastical power, when the British throne was beset by devotees to the Pope, and when the force of laws and the just authority of the sovereign were often eluded by appeals to the court of Rome, it became highly politick and necessary to prohibit the clergy from quitting the kingdom without leave, lest such departure might be with a view of embroiling the state, and of transferring their allegiance from their lawful king to a foreign power.

If any of my accusers, more deeply learned than *Methodists* usually are, meant to apply to me any such piece of history, they ought to have been a little more attentive to the total change of circumstances: they ought not to confound the necessary restrictions of remote ages, with the freedom of the present times; nor the ambitious motives of turbulent prelates, with the simple views of a poor curate. But the *Hillites* have been taught by their great founder, Rowland, never to pay any regard to the frivolous distinctions of time, place, persons, or facts, when any

of his enemies are to be destroyed. All periods of history are alike to them; and Alexander the Great may be confounded with Alexander the Coppersmith.

The very charitable insinuations of the *gauze-man* and *chapel-monger*, with all his *tongue-pads*, are the next objects of necessary comment. Those *pious* souls were incapable of judging so harshly as to assert, that I had crossed the water in order to change my creed; yet not being able to account for my departure upon *rational* grounds, they with great candour ascribed it to *insanity*. I could from my heart have forgiven them, had they said that I had been bit by a mad dog, and was gone to get a proper sea-dipping; for, in that case, after my supposed immersion and cure, I might have again laid claim to the resumption of my usual functions. But to brand me with undefined madness,—to say that my faculties had suffered a total and irremovable eclipse, is following too closely the example of the subtle Quaker, affecting to take themselves no active share in my ruin, but giving me a *bad name*, and then leaving me, as he did the poor dog, to be hunted to death before the hue-and-cry of an excited mob.

Will any of them dare to justify this inhuman conduct? Will they pretend that it was their intention to fix an adequate salary on me; and that even, after I had forfeited their esteem, they made me a very liberal recompence for my past services? I shall simply state the fact, and then shall drag you into court, Sir Richard, to prove it. Do you not already begin to tremble? Do you not curse the moment you took a pen in hand to write to me? Rather, Sir Richard, curse the mean sentiments which that pen expressed. Rather curse, and endeavour to get rid of, the depravity of heart, and debasement of character, which those sentiments betrayed. Rather curse the shocking hypocrisy, with which you vainly strove to veil over the most palpable falsehoods, and the most glaring injustice. But, Sir Richard, do not exhaust yourself in cursing.—Were you to ring all the changes from the sublime imprecations of Job down to the stupid nonsense of your brother Rowland, they could not erase a single word of that fatal letter. It must now appear in record against you upon earth; but, much as you have injured me, I sincerely wish, that your tears, not of vexation, but of true repentance, may wash it out of the register of heaven;

I will give you the respite of a few moments longer, Sir Richard, before I insert the copy of your letter, which may be called the death-warrant of your reputation, signed by your own hand. In the mean time I shall relate the manner in which your brother and the *gauzeman* settled the account for my doing duty in Surrey Chapel.

Though I at last began to suspect their dark machinations for some time, yet I could not help thinking, that they had some sense of justice, some particle of common honesty, some little remorse of conscience still left. I therefore sat down, and wrote to the *gauze-man* as the principal trustee of Rowland's meeting-house, to request him to pay me the *balance* of what was due for my reading prayers there. I could not help adding, that I had fully expected, on my return from France, that he would have sent me, as a compensation for past services, at least a twenty pound note. Here I must observe, that I had done duty for two and twenty months, in the Chapel; and though I had only received about a guinea per quarter during that time, I had often been assured in general terms, that I should be fully satisfied for my labours. In order

to work upon the *gauze-man's* feelings, I delicately hinted at the distresses of my situation.—But I little knew the callousness of that wretch's heart: to endeavour to work upon it by any fine strokes of pity, is like “attempting to hew a marble block with a razor.”

After waiting to no purpose for several days in anxious expectation of an answer, I determined to apply in person both to Rowland, and to the *gauze-man*. Rowland told me, “*he had nothing to do with money-matters;*” and the *gauze-man* said, “*he had not set me to work.*” Thus they endeavoured, like the two sharpers in the fable, to get clear of my charge by shuffling evasions. But as I continued to tease them, from time to time, for about a month, they at last desired me *to make out my bill*. I replied, that “I was not accustomed to make out *prayer-bills*; but that I hoped I had to do with honest men, who would not take any ungenerous advantage of my ignorance in that respect, especially as they knew I had punctually *done the work*”. Then the *gauze-man*, glad to find the whole left to himself, immediately assumed the same conscientious air, with which he recommends *cobweb* manufactures,

and said, *that, had I continued, they had purposed settling a salary on me, after the rate of TEN POUNDS A YEAR; so reckoning that I HAD CONNECTIONS WITH THE CHAPEL about TWENTY MONTHS, and had received, during that SHORT PERIOD, about SEVEN or EIGHT POUNDS, upon my giving a RECEIPT IN FULL OF ALL DEMANDS, he would pay me after the rate of the intended stipend of TEN pounds a year.* Though my bosom swelled with indignation at such cruel injustice, my pressing wants forced me to comply; and instead of a twenty pound note, I was obliged to content myself with what the *gauze-man* called a balance of *nine pounds ODD*; by which last word he meant the addition of a few shillings.

My thoughts were next turned to you, Sir Richard. To go to law with either your brother or the *gauze-man*, would have been equally precarious and expensive. But I hoped to obtain redress from *your* sense of honour, as well as of justice and religion. I hoped that a *Member of Parliament*, whom it would be almost a breach of privilege to *charge with rascality and cheating*, would never degrade himself so low as to become the shameless defender of such infamous practices

in others. I sent you a faithful account of the whole business, and, several days after, received the following letter:

“ Rev.^d Sir,

“ I have *just* received your letter, which was
 “ sent to me from Hawkstone to London. I
 “ *know nothing* of the transactions you allude to;
 “ but as you *voluntarily* read prayers at Surrey
 “ Chapel for *any little gratuity*, I don’t see how
 “ you *can make a demand*, especially as there was
 “ *no stipend agreed for*. Besides, I *understand*
 “ that you did this *in hopes I would get you a sa-*
 “ *lary from the Treasury*, which you now have,
 “ *entirely through my application*; and if I was
 “ TO SPEAK A WORD TO MR. ROSE, *it would be*
 “ IMMEDIATELY WITHDRAWN. It *therefore ap-*
 “ pears to me, that the demand you make on
 “ my brother is *by no means justifiable*. Sincerely
 “ wishing that you may *see and feel the bitterness*
 “ *of sin*, and that you may *know CHRIST*, and
 “ *him crucified*, I remain,

“ Rev. Sir,

“ Your’s, &c.

“ Richard Hill.”

“ Harley Street, April 20.”

“ To the Rev. Wm. Woolley.”

When I put this letter into the printer's hand, I desired him to *display it in proper characters*. He read it, and exactly replied in these words: "*It is impossible to do what you desire, and to display SUCH a Letter in PROPER characters, unless I could be supplied with INK and TYPES from HELL, and none of my DEVILS know the way there, as they have never been to hear ROWLAND HILL.*" But though the want of *suitable* materials put it out of *his* power to do your letter *justice* in the *printing way*, I hope a few of my remarks, by way of *illustration*, may serve to throw upon it sufficient light of another kind; and though I am not sure of being able to make you *feel the bitterness of sin*, I have no doubt of making you feel the lash of public scorn and public abhorrence: I have no doubt of my being able to hunt you out of all virtuous and honourable society: I have no doubt of consigning you to all the tortures of outward disgrace, of inward guilt, and of impotent revenge. I leave your conscience to bring you before the tribunal of heaven: it is my sole purpose to drag you before that of your country. You will soon both *bear and feel* the sentence of *civil death* pronounced upon you: may it rouse your efforts to avert the more awful horrors of a *spiritual judgment*!

You begin with telling me, "you had *just* received my letter." As I had written that letter to you about ten days before, and as in half the time a *mail-coach* might have hunted you from London to Wales and from Wales to London, I cannot conceive what idea you annex to that word *just*.—If you stumble at the threshold, Sir Richard, how will you hobble up stairs to the first floor of your shameless apology?—But you are an *orator*.—The members of the House of Commons know it.—They know, that there is at least one figure in which you excel.—I believe they call it *antiphrasis*.—It expresses things by their contraries.—Its obvious meaning is the very reverse of the truth.—What a lucky thing it is for you, Sir Richard, that an art has been found out, which converts the basest lie into a rhetorical flourish!

But let *me* explain the meaning of that word *just*. You had received my letter a week before; but it was necessary to have various meetings with your brother and the *gauze-man*, to deliberate on the answer to be made to it. The *gauze-man*, being the shrewdest of the three, was to suggest the hints, and your brother was to throw

them into form. But as the *gauze-man's* scanty fund had been already exhausted ;—as his whole warehouse did not afford materials enough even for a *cobweb* to spread over the infamous transaction ; and as poor Rowland has never been able to write any thing but methodistical ballads, in which his bungling attempts to steal the language of others have only exposed him, like a bad coiner, to detection, by the copper colour of his counterfeits ; after seven days' hard labour, you all produced the letter which I am now going to examine. It is, indeed, a mongrel production. Its language, like your own birth, Sir Richard, is neither Welch nor English. You would fain cling to the foot of the *Wrekin* ; but I am glad, that no parish register in my country has ever been blotted with your name.

What are the next words of this curious letter ? —“ *I KNOW NOTHING of the transactions you allude to.*”—One would think, Sir Richard, that you had been hackneyed at the Old Bailey, you assume such an air of pretended simplicity and ignorance. But, like the hired perjurer, you will be found to contradict yourself in the course of your own testimony. By wanting to prove

too much, you betray your falshood—You say, you *know nothing* of the transaction—Yet, in the very next breath, you assert, that *no stipend was agreed for*, and that I read prayers in your brother's chapel, as a volunteer, *in hopes you would get me a salary from the Treasury*.—Here the cloven foot of deception and injustice makes its appearance. If I had not your letter to produce in support of the fact, would it ever be believed, that Sir Richard Hill, the *pious* Rowland, and the *charioteering gauze-man*, could form a plot to *swindle* a poor clergyman out of his services, and to amuse him with *hopes of a salary from the Treasury*! I was to be the tool of methodistical imposture: I was to read prayers *for any little gratuity*, year after year, in Surrey chapel: and when I come to demand that *little gratuity*, you tell me that you *know nothing of the transaction*, but that you thought my wife and I could live upon *hopes from the Treasury*. Your brother's excuse was also ready: his mind was wholly set on things above: "*he had nothing to do with MONEY matters.*" As for the rotten *gauze-man*, I before took notice of his curious evasion—" *he had not set me to work;*" but he did not scruple to reap the fruits of my labour: he could load

his own table with every luxurious dish out of the profits of your brother's *grace-shop*, yet religiously consign me to famine for having done duty there. This good man never swears: he is, like the *Fox* described by DRYDEN,

———“ Full fraught with seeming sanctity,
 “ He fears an oath, but like the Devil will lie :
 “ He looks like Lent, and has the holy leer,
 “ And dares not sin, before he says his pray’r.”

Yet such are the men, Sir Richard, that you and your brother make choice of as partners in your speculations of chapel-building! Such are your bosom-friends and privy counsellors! Such are the useful agents, whom you feast with your Welch kids, and whom you make drunk with the rich blood of the grape!

But, Sir Richard, could not you, your brother, and the *gauze-man* be content with the immense profits of your chapel, even supposing you to act as honest men, and fairly to pay every body whom you employed; could you not, I say, be content, without wanting to *chouse* me out of my *little gratuity*, on the score of your promises to get me a *salary from the Treasury*?

Yet you are not ashamed to own this, and even to urge it as an argument for my submitting to the most flagrant injustice ! Pray, Sir Richard, what connexion is there between Surrey chapel and the Treasury ? Are Rowland Hill's curates to be paid for by government, because Sir Richard Hill always votes with the minister ? The *gauze-man* may, with as much propriety, tell the poor fellow who rubs down his horses, and takes care of his Phaeton, that he must not expect any wages, as a place may be procured for him by-and-by in the Custom-house.

You go farther, Sir Richard, and positively assert, "*that I now have a salary from the Treasury, ENTIRELY through YOUR application; and that, IF YOU WERE TO SPEAK A WORD TO MR. ROSE, it would be IMMEDIATELY WITHDRAWN.*" — *Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat !* — Your character could not be compleatly blasted, but by the frenzy of your own language. — Your total disregard of truth, decency, and discretion could never have been so clearly demonstrated as from this sentence under your own hand. — The Welch goat is now stripped of its shaggy covering; and all that remains for me to do is to

hang it upon a gibbet as high as any of its native mountains.

I have already shewn how every application you made in my favor proved highly injurious to me. I have described the contempt with which Sir Sidney Medows treated Mr. Rose's letter, soliciting his appointment of me to the chaplainship of the Marshalsea. I have also given a faithful copy of the bishop of Winchester's reply to Mr. Rose's request that his Lordship would grant me priest's orders. Your motives were bad, Sir Richard, and a curse attended every step that was taken to serve me through your interest. Mr. Rose's letters not only failed, but threw fresh and seemingly insurmountable difficulties in my way: they filled the persons, whose friendship I most wanted, with the strongest prejudices against me. But heaven proved kinder than the proprietors of Surrey chapel, and removed those obstacles which your false friendship had excited.

It was my good fortune to be introduced to Mr. Pierpont the much respected member for Nottinghamshire, a gentleman, Sir Richard, who serves his fellow-subjects, as he serves his coun-

try, from disinterested motives, He does not, like a certain member, with whom your brother and I are very well acquainted, *bore* the House of Commons with perpetual boasts of his independence, while the person, to whom I allude, shews himself to be the meanest tool of the meanest man in office. Mr. Pierpont displays the goodness of his heart, and the real independency of his spirit, in the whole tenor of his conduct, not in idle and fulsome professions. He never was knave enough, Sir Richard, in the first instance, nor fool enough in the second, to strive to frighten a poor clergyman from his just demand, by all the terrors of ministerial persecution.

Mr. Pierpont was nephew to Sir Sidney Medows, the Knight Marshal.---I candidly told him of Mr. Rose's unfortunate letter.---He was afraid that letter might still operate to my injury: but he promised to use his utmost influence with his uncle in my favor. He promised; and he kept his word. Men of real honour and virtue, Sir Richard, do not trust to the *salvos of methodism* as excuses for every flagrant breach of their most sacred engagements. In a few days

after, I received the following presentation, in due form, from that very gentleman to whom Mr. Rose had applied in vain.

“ To all Christian people, to whom these presents shall come, greeting :

“ I, Sir Sidney Medows, Knight Marshal, do hereby certify, that, whereas the chaplainship of the Marshalsea prison, in the Borough of Southwark, is become vacant by the death of the Reverend Joseph Harmer, late chaplain thereof, I do hereby nominate and appoint the Reverend William Woolley, Clerk, to the chaplainship of the said Marshalsea, with all the fees, rights, and appurtenances belonging to the said chaplainship.

“ In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this third day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred eighty and nine.

“ S. MEDOWS.”

Thus the first great difficulty was happily surmounted. But this was not all. The moment

a man of integrity took me by the hand, my affairs went on in a rapid career of success. I had still to obtain a regular salary for the chaplainship, to which I was now legally presented. One would think that here at least you could have served me by "*a word to Mr. Rose.*" It seems, however, that you were rather vexed at my having gained the first point without your help. I grew tired of dancing attendance on you and Mr. Rose, to no manner of purpose. I resolved to go myself to the fountain-head, and to be no longer the dupe of intermediate agents. I drew up a memorial to the Lords of the Treasury. I represented to them, that the fees, annexed to the chaplainship of the Marshalsea, had been reduced by the operation of Lord Beauchamp's bill to two shillings per Sunday, though their amount had been before estimated at above a hundred pounds a year: that a clause in the same bill specified, that the sufferers by the proposed reduction of fees, should have a reasonable compensation made to them by government: and lastly, that upon this matter's having been represented to Mr. Pitt, he was pleased to say, that the annual salary of the chaplain to that prison ought to be made fifty pounds a year. I

then stated my own claims, the time I had done duty at the prison, my appointment to the place by the Knight Marshal, and my dependance on the goodness and justice of their lordships to make that provision for me, which was agreeable to the spirit of Lord Beauchamp's bill. I delivered this memorial myself: I had neither a Sir Richard Hill, nor a Mr. Rose to present it, or to support my application. But it had a much better support in plain truth, in common justice, and in the considerate goodness and humanity of their lordships. They immediately gave directions for me to receive fifty pounds, by way of compensation for past duty, with an order to the pay-master of his Majesty's household for twelve pounds ten shillings per quarter, to be continued not only to me, but as a permanent salary to every future chaplain at that prison.

Having found that success attended all my efforts since I had ceased to lean upon the rotten reed of your interest, Sir Richard, I made a second application to the bishop of Winchester. His Lordship had before rejected Mr. Rose's letter; but he did not reject my own humble suit. I now stood upon much better ground. I had

got my appointment legally confirmed by the only person in whom that right was vested : a permanent salary was also annexed to the chaplainship ; and his lordship, finding my title and my testimonials equally unexceptionable, no longer hesitated to admit me into priest's orders. Thus I got my presentation, my salary, and priest's orders, not only without the aid of any of the *canting fraternity*, but even after the failure and rejection of the recommendatory letters, to which you would falsely ascribe my success.

Yet, Sir Richard, you have the very great modesty to assert, that I have a salary from the Treasury, *entirely through your application* ; and you have the frenzy, for it is worse than folly, to add, that *if you were to speak a word to Mr. Rose, it would be IMMEDIATELY withdrawn!* I believe, as soon as Mr. Rose sees this, he will *withdraw* his friendship and confidence from a man so unworthy of both—a man, who thus abuses his name, and pretends he can make a tool of him, to serve any dirty, shuffling purpose. But who is this mighty Richard Hill, this red-hot baronet from the Welch mountains, this *independent* borough-member, who can, by

a single word make the Lords of the Treasury rescind their order,—an order dictated by justice,—an order founded on the express provisions of an act of Parliament,—an order formally confirmed to me and to every future chaplain,—an order, in short, which the bishop of Winchester looked upon as an unexceptionable title, and as a sufficient security to him for ordaining me a priest! But if Sir Richard *speaks but a word*, the dictates of justice, the provisions of an act of parliament, the grounds of episcopal security, and the confirmed order of the Lords of the Treasury, vanish in an instant. If he *speaks but a word*, the Lords of the Treasury hear, tremble, and obey. They know him to be like a *dragon of Wantley*,

“That, at one sup,

“He’d eat them up,

“As a man would eat an apple.”—

They must rescind, annul, oppress, persecute, nay imprison, hang, and quarter, I suppose, if Sir Richard but *speaks a word to Mr. Rose*,—if the brother of the great Rowland should once issue his peremptory mandate.

Pray, Sir Richard, how do you imagine Mr. Rose will like to be considered as such a ductile

tool in your hands, that a *single word* is to make him do whatever you please, be it right or wrong? What will the Minister think of your babbling indiscretion, and of your presumption, in thus boasting of your influence at the Treasury? Are you weak enough to suppose, that a man of Mr. Pitt's spirit dares not resent the insult, as well as the infamy of such an insinuation, because you have a vote in the House of Commons? You are a great man, Sir Richard. If you can do nothing else, you can make that House grin; and when *noses* are to be counted, *your's* reckons as one. How nobly you stood forward in the French business! How bravely you sounded to arms, to arms, to arms! What a triumphant majority the minister obtained, *entirely* you will say, *through YOUR exertions!* After this the Lords of the Treasury can never hesitate to do the most dishonourable, unjust, and illegal act, if you but *speak a word!* Do not deceive yourself, Sir Richard. The minister knows how to set a just estimate on your paltry services in the House of Commons. We are told in the fable, that the Lion knew how to avail himself of the *braying of an Ass*, when he went to the chace; but he also

knew how to repress the insolence of the silly boaster.

—— Mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur ——

But, Sir Richard, while I smile at your impotence, let me also express my just indignation at your malignity. I undertook to shew the rottenness of your heart; and I must probe it to the bottom. Admitting then that you could, as you pretend, give the law to the Lords of the Treasury, and that *a word from you to Mr. Rose* could strip me of the salary I receive for the most regular and punctual duty at the Marshalsea, are you so totally lost to all sense of humanity, as well as honour, as to declare, that you would carry your revenge to such a horrid, iniquitous length? And for what? Because I would not tamely suffer you, your brother, and the *gauze-man*, to *shuffle* me out of the most moderate and unexceptionable demand for two and twenty months' attendance in Surrey chapel. This then is my crime—I did not chuse to starve in the service of Rowland Hill; and his brother threatens to rob me of the means of subsistence any where else!

What is the next sentence of your infamous letter?—"It THEREFORE appears to me, that the demand you make on my brother is by no means JUSTIFIABLE."—Wherefore does it appear, that my demand on your brother is *not justifiable*? Is it because you have just told me, in the line before, that *if you were to speak a word to Mr. Rose, my salary would be withdrawn*? Does then the justice, or injustice of my demand depend on your power to persecute me for making it? But perhaps you meant to touch upon the old string, and to insinuate, that I was to serve your brother for *nothing*, in hopes of your getting *a salary for me from the Treasury*. I have already exposed the absurdity and falshood of this insinuation. I believe, the illiberal, fraudulent spirit that dictated it, is now no less manifest. Let me give you a piece of advice, Sir Richard. Never again attempt to tell a lie. It is wicked, in the first place; and secondly, it must cover you with disgrace. It requires much greater abilities than you are master of to give consistency to fiction. Your head and your heart are equally bad. But truth has this great advantage: it adds lustre to the brightest genius; and a strict adherence to it will

guard from contempt even a man of your talents, though so far below mediocrity.

I now come to the close of your epistle,—to the last strain of your methodistical canting,—or rather to the highest step in the climax of your abominable hypocrisy.—You conclude with *SINCERELY wishing that I may see and feel the BITTERNESS of sin, and that I may know CHRIST, and HIM CRUCIFIED.*—I am very much obliged to you, Sir Richard, for your sincere, pious, and charitable wishes; and as I never felt the least disposition to be ungrateful, I must no longer defer making you suitable acknowledgments, and a proper return for them. *You sincerely wish I may see and feel the bitterness of sin.*—This is, indeed, very kind of you!—After you and your brother had made me feel, for two and twenty months, the bitterness of poverty, the bitterness of want, the bitterness of hard labour, and the keen pangs of famine in your service, you charitably wish, as the sole reward of my toil, the sole alleviation of my sufferings, that *I may see and feel the bitterness of sin.*—I have, indeed, sinned, Sir Richard, and I fear very much, when, by reading prayers in your brother's chapel, I may

be said to have concurred in making the sacred liturgy of the church one of the instruments of his deceptions. But I knew not at that time what I did ; and I hope God will forgive me.— You certainly have not hitherto known all the shocking baseness and wickedness of your conduct, or it is impossible you could persist in it. I have now torn off the mask, which had so long concealed you, perhaps from yourself, as well as from the world. What I am trumpeting to you from without, your own conscience must re-echo the truth of from within. No longer strive to stifle its reproaches : listen to them in time ; and they will save you from the horrors of guilty despair.

You also wish, *that I may know* CHRIST, and HIM CRUCIFIED.—Is it possible that you could write that sacred word without trembling ? It is not possible—The manner, in which you wrote it, bears evident marks of your tremor—It bears marks of something worse, Sir Richard ; for this is the way in which it is written in your letter ; *Xt*.—Thus your horrid hand had the farther impiety to mutilate the sacred name of your Saviour, because at the very moment that you were pro-

faning it, you could not bear to see it displayed at full length !

But how did you wish me to *know* CHRIST ? Did you wish me to know him in *faith*, in *hope*, in *charity*, in *love* ? No, no—This was not your meaning.—All these words would have been so many direct reproaches on your own conduct.—But you wished me to know *him crucified* ; and you had prepared me to receive this knowledge by a train of sufferings. You made me endure mortification and abstinence for a much longer period than was ever known even among the primitive Christians. Instead of a Lent of forty days, you subjected me to a rigorous fast for two and twenty months ; and when, after all, I apply to you and the other proprietors of Surrey chapel for *some little gratuity*, you not only tell me that *my demand is by no means justifiable*, and that my long fasting in your service does not entitle me to the price of a dinner ; but you even threaten, if I persist in my demand, to rob me of the little loaf, which I have procured from the justice and goodness of others. It is thus you teach me to *know CHRIST crucified*.

“ Un doux Inquisiteur, un crucifix à la main,

“ Au feu, *par charité*, fait jeter son prochain ;

“ Et pleurant avec lui une fin si tragique,

“ Prend, pour s'en consoler, *son argent qu'il s'applique.*”

If I have effectually removed the film from your eye, you will see, with bitterness of soul, your own likeness faithfully reflected in this mirror of inquisitorial hypocrisy, avarice, and unrelenting persecution.

I shall make no farther remarks on your first letter ; but I must exhibit some other specimens of your epistolary talents. As soon as I received the letter already quoted, it filled me with horror at your professions of piety, and with just indignation at your cruelty and meanness. I did not conceal my sentiments from several of your acquaintance. I declared my intention to lay the whole matter before the public. You and your brother took the alarm. He hoped at first to intimidate me by threats. He ran about the Borough, like one of the Furies, and said, that though he had not before taken any notice of my former pamphlet, he was now determined to fasten upon it, and to make me sick of writing. When I was told of his menaces, I smiled at

them. I knew I had stated nothing but the truth, and that too with great delicacy, in my former pamphlet; and that I therefore could have nothing to fear from his threatened prosecutions. I said, in the words of the old proverb, that it was silly in any man *to shew his teeth before he could bite*, but that it exposed him to double ridicule and contempt, if his teeth should prove to be *rotten*.

When he discovered, at last, that I was not to be terrified from my purpose, you and he had recourse to other methods. Hints were artfully communicated to me, that I had wholly mistaken your sentiments towards me; that you were still well disposed to do me any service with government; and that there were many things, such as the chaplainship of a regiment, &c. which it was in your power to procure.—As these hints came from a quarter which I could not suspect, I really thought that you began to repent of having used me so cruelly, and that you wished for an opportunity to repair the wrong. I therefore wrote to you directly, and inclosed two copies of my former pamphlet, to convince you that I had not carried things to extremities, and

that the pamphlet contained nothing which could give you just offence. I expressed at the same time, a hope that you would serve me in the manner, which the before-mentioned hints led me to expect.

After your usual delays, in order to discuss the matter fully with your brother and the *gauze-man*, you sent me the subjoined reply. I need not take any pains to elucidate either the sentiments or the language. My comments on your first letter will furnish a very good key to this. It is written in the same spirit of hypocrisy and delusion. The only difference is, that instead of threats, it contained promises, tending to flatter my hopes, and to sooth my former resentment. We shall soon see the real design of those promises, and how religiously you observed them. The following is an exact copy of your second letter, with no other illustration than what the printer's types afford.

“Harley Street, March the 4th, 1793.

“Reverend Sir,

“I have been so *continually engaged*, that
“I had *not time to acknowledge* the receipt of

“ your letter, with your two pamphlets, before.
“ *However I might wish to serve you in the way*
“ you desire, yet I consider the charge you ap-
“ ply for as a very awful one. *Soldiers and*
“ *sailors have immortal souls, as well as other men,*
“ and stand upon the brink of sudden death more
“ than any others. I could not therefore *consci-*
“ *entiously* recommend any one to be chaplain to
“ a man of war, or to a regiment, of whose *sound*
“ *faith and moral conduct* I had not the fullest as-
“ surance. *If you procure such a testimonial from*
“ *three respectable ministers of the gospel, whether*
“ *in the establishment, or dissenters, I SHALL BE*
“ GLAD TO ATTEND TO IT.”

“ I am concerned to find, that you *think* you
“ have any cause to complain of ill-treatment; and
“ am informed, that you have given a very wrong
“ statement of facts. I WISH YOU, however, TO
“ MEET MY BROTHER ROWLAND at my house,
“ any morning about eleven o'clock, which HE
“ IS DESIROUS OF. Therefore, if you will call
“ on him, or write to him, signifying when you
“ intend being here, *he will not fail to come, if*
“ you don't fix his preaching day, which I think
“ is Friday.

“ *Sincerely* wishing you every blessing in your
“ own soul, and that you may be made abundantly
“ useful to the souls of others, I remain,

“ Your’s *faithfully*,

“ RICHARD HILL.”

Though I could not help smiling at the *cant* of this epistle, yet, as you seemed very earnest to bring about a general reconciliation, I was ready to forget and forgive every thing. I never wished to remain at enmity for a single instant with any man breathing. I do not boast of this, as proceeding from a sense of duty: it is the effect of my natural temper; and I thank God for it. Besides, you took care to incline me to peace, by the intimation of your readiness to serve me, on my procuring the necessary testimonials. You even seemed willing to render this the more easy to me, by suggesting that it would make no difference whether the certificate of my sound faith and moral conduct was signed by ministers in the establishment, or dissenters. I understood your meaning, but I did not wish to avail myself of that latitude. I applied to three clergymen of the established church,—men of regular education, of exemplary piety, and of

eminent learning and abilities. They honoured me with the following testimonial :

“ These are to certify to all, whom it may
 “ concern, that the Reverend William Woolley
 “ preaches the Gospel, and is of good moral
 “ character, and worthy to have a chaplaincy in
 “ a regiment.—Dated this seventh day of March,
 “ one thousand, seven hundred, and ninety-three.

“ J. W. PEERS, LL. D. Rector of
 Morden, Surrey.

“ H. C. MASON, A. M. Lecturer of
 St. Mary Magdalen, Bermondsey.

“ JOHN GROSE, A. M. Minister of
 the Tower, and Lecturer of St.
 Olave's, Southwark.”

It would ill become me to enlarge on the respectability of this testimonial. I shall only say, that I look upon it as the highest honour of my life, to have been thought worthy of the esteem and recommendation of men, who are themselves so truly estimable.

Pulchrum est laudari a laudato viro.

But before I proceed with my narrative, I must remind you, Sir Richard, of the facility with which I procured so honourable, so unexceptionable a certificate. Your letter, pointing out the necessity of such a certificate to remove all *conscientious* bars to your getting me a chaplaincy to a regiment, is dated the fourth of March. I received it next day, on the fifth; and I sent you the testimonial on the seventh. Thus in two days I obtained such a certificate as your brother has never yet been able to obtain, and as you yourself, Sir Richard, will never be able to obtain for him, even were you to *speak fifty thousand words to Mr. Rose* in his favor. ROWLAND, the outcast of the established church, is for ever excluded from *regular testimonials*: he is for ever excluded from *Priest's orders*; and though you pretend you can make the Lords of the Treasury do and undo every thing at your nod, yet you will not find a bishop in England, nor even in your favourite Wales, who will admit Rowland into full orders. I believe I might go farther, and assert with great truth, that there is not one conscientious clergyman who would give either you, or him, a certificate of *sound faith, and irreproachable morals*.

As soon as I got my testimonial, I enclosed it in a letter to you, and already anticipated the completion of your promise. I had totally forgotten every former instance of your deception and falshood. I waited upon your brother, *as you wished me to do*. I need not add, that I went with the sincerest sentiments of peace and forgiveness. But how little did I know the implacable spirit of a *pretended saint*?" The moment I entered the room, he rose up from Mrs. Hill, and without taking the least notice of my respectful salutation, or of my apology for calling by your desire, he asked me with a tone and look of undescribable sternness, "*Are the contents of your pamphlet TRUE?*"—"Dear Sir," said I, "I hope you know me well enough to be convinced, that I am incapable of writing or publishing what I did not believe to be true. But if there be any particular passage in my little pamphlet, which may have unintentionally given you offence, I hope, upon your pointing it out, I shall be able to explain it to your satisfaction."—The fury of an irritated tyger would be but an imperfect simile, to illustrate the rage, which those words of mildness excited in the frantic Rowland. He raved—He stormed—He advanced with ex-

tended arms and clenched fists, as if to strike me; but soon he recoiled again, and seemed to be in an agony of passion. For above a minute, during this fit, he resembled a confined scorpion, pointing his stings at himself, and exhibiting, in his own person, the strange combination of the assailant and the sufferer. At length the tempest burst—it growled—it lightened—I heard these terrible words; “*Get out of my house—Get out of my house*”—

Peal upon peal the thund’ring sounds rose higher,
While from his eye-balls flash’d the living fire.

But his thunders and his flashes spent their force against me in vain. Though I was shocked at his unprovoked violence, I sincerely pitied his sufferings.—I turned round to Mrs. Hill, politely wished her good morning, and withdrew. He still kept roaring, “*Get out of my house—Get out of my house.*”—*Woe be to the man*, thought I, *who builds his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong!*

Such behaviour would have appeared to me totally inexplicable, had not the following very

laconic note from you, Sir Richard, cleared up the whole mystery.

“ Sir Richard Hill begs to decline making
“ any application for Mr. Woolley.”

“ March 8th, 1793.”

I read this note twice—I could not believe the first testimony of my senses—I could not think it possible, that a person of fortune, that a baronet, that a member of parliament, that a preacher of *Christ crucified* should have so little of the shame of man, or of the fear of God before his eyes, as to brave both by such daring inconsistencies.—Notwithstanding all the proofs you had before given me of your disregard of truth and honour, I could hardly admit the possibility of your proceeding to these last excesses of bare-faced perfidy. What, to write to me on the fourth of March in such conciliating terms!—to give me such *assurances of your sincere wishes to serve me!*—to point out the only requisite, a certificate of my faith and morals, which you pledge yourself to *attend to with gladness!*—and when, in two days after the receipt of your letter, I send you the testimonial required, you *beg to decline*

making any application for me ! Ah ! Sir Richard, how short sighted must every scoundrel be ! How inseparable are the two qualities of fool and villain ! Were you silly enough to suppose, that you could sport with me in such a manner with impunity ? Were you such an idiot as to imagine that your title of baronet, and your privilege as member of parliament, though they might perhaps screen your back from a horse-whip, could screen the baseness of your conduct from public exposure ? Or lastly, did you place your confidence in your pious looks, your sanctified air, and all the external deceptions of hypocrisy ? Sir Richard, the pen of truth, like the spear of Ithuriel, will soon touch you into form, and exhibit you in your real shape and genuine colours to your king and country.

After the first emotions excited by the unblushing perfidiousness of your note, the next thing that struck me was its brevity,—a brevity so unusual with Sir Richard Hill,—with the verbose Sir Richard,—with Sir Richard, the merry-andrew,—with Sir Richard, whose prolixity and whose waste of words are become almost proverbial ! *Words*, however, are the only things

he has ever been known to waste. This baronet from the Welch borders would sooner babble out half the words of a dictionary, if he knew them, than part with one lock of goat's hair, or even a single blade of a leek. How then, Sir Richard, did it happen that you confined yourself within such narrow bounds in this note? Is it because you were totally incapable of inventing any excuse for this last act of baseness? Or is it, that your hand, though hackneyed in writing dirty apologies, shrank from the infamy of enlarging on so foul a message? But though you have been, for once, cautious and sparing of words, I must beg leave to unfold their meaning, and to place the few you have written, as well as the sentiments of the writer, in a just and conspicuous light.

As you were fully aware of the infamy of your intended message, you begin the note with your own title—"Sir Richard Hill begs," &c. You flattered yourself, perhaps, that the word SIR at the head of your name would spread such a dazzling lustre over what was to follow, that I could not narrowly examine the latent rascality. But how ignorant you must be of the nature and effect

of a title ! It spreads, indeed, a light on the words and actions of its possessor ; but that light only serves to display his character more strongly : it heightens and sets off his virtues with mild radiance : but it also throws on his vices the most dreadful sunshine. A title of honour, annexed to the name of a worthless man, has been compared to the royal stamp set upon base metal. The comparison is not a bad one ; but it is hardly strong enough. A worthless baronet, or a worthless lord, is something worse than a Birmingham counterfeit. I think I can give you a better idea of a title, and make you feel it. A title of honour, hanging over the head of a scoundrel, is like an electrical conductor, to attract the public eye, and to direct the lightning of public vengeance to its proper object.

I am sorry, as you had the weakness to imagine you could shield one end of your name by your title, that you did not tack on to the other end of it your farther distinction as the truly constitutional representative of an unpurchased, uninfluenced, incorruptible, and independent borough. This would have given me an opportunity of examining your parliamentary conse-

quence; and the enquiry, perhaps, would not have turned out more to your honour than my strictures on your title. But your behaviour towards me in private life will cover you with a load of disgrace heavy enough, without adding to it any part of the mass of your public delinquency. Let us therefore return to your note.

What does the titled "*SIR Richard Hill begs*," and to whom does he address his petition? When a man begs, he must beg something, and of somebody. "*SIR Richard Hill begs to decline*," &c. This may be agreeable to the idiom of your Welch neighbours; but I am sure it is not English. You will say that something is to be understood after the word *begs*. As you had neither the candour nor the courage to fill up the ellipsis, I must do it for you. "*SIR Richard Hill begs*" of a poor clergyman, whom he had first endeavoured to frighten out of a just demand, and afterwards to cheat by false promises into a passive acquiescence under every wrong; he *begs* of the poor clergyman not to publish the *baronet's* baseness and perfidy, but tamely and silently to permit the said baronet, "*SIR Richard Hill, to decline making any application for Mr. Woolley.*" This,

Sir Richard, is what you *beg* of me ; but as you rejected my just demand, you must not be surpris'd at my rejecting your unjust petition. Was it not enough that you, your brother, and the *gauze-man* should have formed a plot, as I before observed, to *chouse* me out of a little gratuity for my services ? Was it not enough, to have amused me with false hopes of your interest at the Treasury, and to have deserted me at the very hour when you might have been of some service, and when I was forced to trust solely to the justice of my application, and to present my memorial myself ? Was it not enough, to endeavour to terrify me by your threats of "*a word to Mr. Rose,*" which was to rob me of my settled income as chaplain of the Marshalsea ? Was it not enough, to have kept me for three or four years the victim of famine, oppression, injustice, delusive hopes, and insulting menaces ? One would think that *un doux inquisiteur*, which may be properly translated, *a methodistical baronet*, could not carry his cruelty any farther. But you are ingenious in *persecution* alone. Either your own horrid caprice, or your brother's unrelenting spirit, suggested a new aggravation of every former wrong. You write me a letter in the most imposing strain of

artful canting—You assure me of your wishes to serve me—You desire me to get a testimonial—You tell me how glad you will be to attend to it—You do not insinuate the least doubt of your being able to procure me a chaplaincy to a regiment—You send me to trouble three clergymen of the utmost respectability to draw up and to sign a certificate in my favor—but on my enclosing it in a letter to you, two days after I had received your fallacious incitements to procure it, you “*beg,*” in bad English, and without the least excuse for this *weathercock* change of your sentiments, or rather this shameless breach of your promise, “*to decline making any application for me.*” This is too glaring to require, or even to admit of the least illustration.

Before I sat down to prepare for exhibition a faithful review of your conduct, I wrote a few lines to you, expressing my astonishment at this last forfeiture of your word, unaccompanied, as your avowal of it was, by any apology for such a sudden change of sentiment and behaviour. You were now driven to the *ne plus ultra* of subterfuges and deceptions: you grew desperate; and, in that fit of despair, you resolved to brave the

whole with mendacious effrontery. You say, in your reply, dated Hawkstone, August 11th, 1793, that "*it is NOT IN YOUR POWER to procure a chaplainship to a regiment for me; but that it IS IN YOUR POWER to get the salary withdrawn which was given to me at the Marshalsea.*"

What a fatal, unlucky pen your's is, SIR* Richard! In describing the extent of your own influence, you undesignedly drew an exact picture of the Devil. You have no power to do me the least service, but all the power in the world to do me the most outrageous injury. If this be not in the true spirit of an infernal fiend, mankind have hitherto been grossly mistaken in their ideas of that character. In the strongest sallies of my indignation at your baseness, I always compared you to smaller objects of abhorrence: but you yourself have suggested a prototype, which you seem desirous of copying, and which is so horrid, that human fancy cannot conceive any thing more detestable.

* SIR Richard's income is no less than 16,000l. per ann. Sir Rowland's must be great from Surrey Chapel! Sir Gauze-man is doing well in Milk Street; and they are all good Christians!!!

Your letter of the eleventh of August contains many other extraordinary particulars, which might be made the subject of the severest animadversion. But I do not wish to goad you to madness, or to death—On the contrary, it is my earnest prayer, in return for all your cruelty, that the flashes of public confusion, which you must now feel, may excite you to avert, by a speedy and sincere repentance, the more dreadful lightnings of your offended God.

With these sentiments I remain,

Your's, &c.

WM. WOOLLEY.

No. 85, Blackman Street,
Borough of Southwark,
Jan. 21, 1794.

*Hic Murus abencus esto,
Nil conscire sibi, nullâ pallescere Culpâ.*

P. S. Every one who reads this Pamphlet must confess that I have been used exceedingly ill, and think at the same time that I deserve well of my country, and ought to have a *Bishoprick*—and that Sir Richard, Sir Rowland, and the Gauze-man must be curious Christians!